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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

THE MOON IS COMPARED TO A CITY

What the Tired Reformer Said

The moon's a perfect city, with
Curved walls encompassed round;
With yellow palaces upreared
Upon a glittering ground.

Sometimes a disk, a planet dead;
But on this splendid night,
When all the sky is shining clear,
When my whole heart is light,

I think it is a place for friends.
My soul is there in mirth,
With golden-robed good-citizens,
Far from the dusty earth.

Hail to the perfect city then!
I love your doors and domes,
Your turrets and your palaces,
Your terraces, your homes.

THE MOON IS A KNIGHT IN ARMOR

What the Soldier Said

Oh, see the knight in armor,
Who keeps his visor down
And charges with a moon-beam spear
On hard hearts of the town;

The Moon is a Mirror

Who makes the shabby fountain-square
A flowering, glimmering park,
Who pierces with a sharp-sweet dream
The crabbed minds and dark;

Who conquers those who see him not,
Their brooding heads bent down;
The knight whose scarcely-heeded strokes
Have cleansed and cleared the town!

EUCLID

Old Euclid drew a circle
On a sand-beach, long ago.
He bounded and enclosed it
With angles thus and so.

His set of solemn greybeards
Nodded and argued much
Of arc and of circumference,
Diameter and such.

A silent child stood by them
From morning until noon,
Because they drew such charming
Round pictures of the moon.